

# THE LADY AND THE PIRATE

BY  
EMERSON HOUGH

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(Continued.)  
"A much misused word," was my answer. "You never understood me at all. I am not a gentleman. I'm a poor, miserable, unhappy, drifting, aimless and useless failure—at least, I was until I resolved upon this way to record my fortunes and wait in for piracy. What chance has a man who has lost his fortune in the game today—what chance with a woman? You ask me, who am I? I am a pirate. You ask what I intend to do? What pirate can answer that? It all depends."

"On what?"  
"Oh, you?" I answered furiously. "What right had you to ruin me, to throw me over?"  
She turned a frightened glance to Aunt Lucinda, whom I had entirely forgotten. It was my turn to blush. To hide my confusion I drew on my mask as I bowed.

I met John coming down with the ninety-three. As he returned on deck a moment later I pushed shut the



She Was a Vision of Lovely Sweetness.

doors and sprang the outside latches, so that those within now were prisoners indeed. And then I stood looking up at the stars, slowly beginning to see why God made the world.  
Cal Davidson's taste in neckwear was a trifle vivid as compared with my own, yet I rather liked his shirts, and in the morning I found a waistcoat of his which I could classify as possible; besides which I obtained from John, the cook, a suit of flannels I had given him four years ago and which he was saving against the day of his funeral and shipment back to China. So that, on the whole, I did rather well, and I was not ill content with life as I sat, with the "Pirate's Own Book" in my lap and Partin's head on my knee, looking over the passing panorama of the river.

I looked up to see Peterson, who touched his cap.

"We're on our last drum of gasoline, Mr. Harry," said he. "Where'll we put in—Baton Rouge?"  
"No, we can't do that, Peterson," I answered. "Can't we make it to New Orleans?"

"Hardly. But they carry gas at most of these landings now—so many power boats and autos now days, you see."  
"Very well. We'll pass Baton Rouge and Baton Rouge, and then you can run in at any landing you like, say, twenty miles or so below. Can you make it that far?"  
"Oh, yes, but you see at Baton Rouge—"

"You may lay to long enough to mail these letters," said I, frowning, "but the custom of getting the baseball scores is now suspended. And send John here."

The old man touched his cap again, a trifle puzzled. I wondered if he recognized Davidson's waistcoat—he asked no more questions.

"John," said I to my Chinaman, "carry this to the ladies, and I handed him a card on which I had inscribed: 'Black Bart's compliments, and he desires the attendance of the ladies on deck for a party. At once.'"

John came back in a few moments and stood on one foot. "She say, she say, Miss Hally, she say no come."

"Lettah have got, John?"  
"Lettah have got."

"Take it back. Say, at once."

"Lettah. At willance."

"Lettah," he said a few moments later. "Catchee lettah, then lady, and she say, she say, go to hellee!"

"What? What's that, John? She said nothing of the sort."

"Lettah," said she. "No catchee word, that what she mean. Lady, one time she say, she say, go topside when

have got plenty ready for come."  
"Go back to your work, John," said I. And I waited with much dignity for perhaps ten minutes or so before I heard any signs of life from the after sally. Then I heard the door pushed back and saw a head come out, a head with dark tendrils of hair at the white neck's nape and two curls at the temple. She was a vision of lovely sweetness, as thoroughbred as the Belle Helene herself.

## CHAPTER X. In Which is Further Parley With the Captive Maiden.

HELENA did not look at me, but studiously gazed across the river, pretended to yawn, idly looked back to see if she were followed, as she knew she was not to be.

At length she turned as she stepped along the deck. She was fresh as the dew itself and like a rose.

She turned, I say, and by mere chance and in great surprise discovered me, now cap in hand and bowing.

"Oh!" she remarked, very much surprised.

"Good morning, Eve," said I. "Have you used somebody's soap, or what is it that you have used? It is excellent."

A faint color came to her cheek; the corners of her bowed lips twitched.

"For a pirate or a person of no culture you do pretty well. As though a girl could sleep after all this hullabaloo!"

"You have slept very well," said I. "You never looked better in all your life, Helena. And that is saying the whole litany."

"You are absurd," said she. "You must not begin it all again. We settled it once."

"We settled it twenty times or, to be exact, thirteen times, Helena. The only trouble is it would not stay settled. Tell me, is there any one else yet, Helena?"

"It is not any question for you to ask or for me to answer." She was cold at once. "I've not tried to hear of you or your plans, and I suppose the same is true of you. It is long since I have had a headache over you. A headache is all you can give me now or ever could. That is why I cannot in the least understand why you are here now. Auntie is almost crazy, she is so frightened. She thinks you are entirely crazy and believes you have murdered Mr. Davidson."

"I have not yet done so, although it is true I am wearing his shoes or at least his waistcoat. How do you like it?"

"I like the one with pink stripes better," she replied demurely.

"So then—so then?" I began, but choked in anger at her familiarity with Cal Davidson's waistcoats. And my anger grew when I saw her smile.

"Tell me, are you engaged to him, Helena?" I demanded. "But I can see, you are." She drew herself up as she stood, her hands behind her back.

"A fine question to ask, isn't it? Especially in view of what we both know."

"But you haven't told me."

"And am not going to."

"Why not?"

"Because it is the right of a middle-aged woman like myself—"

"Twenty-four," said I.

"—to do as she likes in such matters. And she doesn't need make any confidences with a man she hasn't seen for years. And for whom she never—she never—"

"Helena," said I, and I felt pale, whether or not I looked it, "be careful. That hurts."

"Oh, is it so?" she blazed. "I am glad if it does hurt."

I bowed to her. "I am glad if it gives you pleasure to see me hurt. I am, Helena."

"But it was not so as to me," I added presently. "Yes, I said goodbye to you, that last time, and I meant it. I have tried for years, I believe, with every argument in my power, to explain to you that I loved you, to explain that in every human likelihood we would make a good match of it, but we—we—well, that we'd hit it off fine together, very likely. And then I was well enough off—at first, at least—"

"Oh, don't!" she protested. "It is like opening a grave. We buried it all, Harry. It's over. Can't you spare a girl, a middle-aged girl of twenty-four, this resurrection? We ended it. Why, Harry, we have to make out some sort of life for ourselves, don't we? We can't just sit down and—"

"No," said I. "I tried it. I got me a little place far up in the wilderness with what remained of my shattered fortunes—a few acres. And I sat down there and tried that 'and-and' business. It didn't seem to work. But we don't get on much in our parley, do we?"

"No. The most charitable thing I can think of is that you are crazy. But what do you intend to do with us? We can't get off the boat, and we can't get any answer to our signals for help."

"So you have signaled?"

"Of course. Waved things, you know."

"Delightful! The passing steamers no doubt thought you a dissipated lot of northern joy riders bound south on some rich man's yacht."

"Instead of two troubled women on

a stolen boat."

"Are you engaged to Cal Davidson, Helena?"

"What earthly difference?"

"True, none at all. As you say, I have stolen his boat, stolen his wine, stolen his fried potatoes, stolen his waistcoats. But, bear witness, I drew the line at his neckties. Nowhere else, however." And as I added this I looked at her narrowly.

"Will you put us ashore?" she asked, her color rising.

"No."

"We're coming to a town."

"Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, a quaint and delightful city of some 60,000 inhabitants. The surrounding country is largely devoted to the sugar industry. But we do not stop. Tell me, are you engaged?"

"But, suddenly, I saw her face, and it was something of outraged dignity. I bent toward her eagerly.

"Forgive me! I never wanted to give you pain, Helena. Forget my improper question."

"Indeed!"

"I've been fair with you. And that's hard for a man. Always, always—let me tell you something women don't understand—there's the fight in a man's soul to be both a gentleman and a brute, because a woman won't love him till he's a brute, and he hates himself when he isn't a gentleman. It's hard, sometimes, to be both. But I tried. I've been a gentleman—was once, at least. I told you the truth. When they investigated my father and found that, acting under the standard of his day, he hadn't run plumb with the standards of today, I came and told you of it. I released you then, although you never had promised me, because I knew you mightn't want an alliance with well, with a front page family, you know. It blew over, yes, but I was fair with you. You knew I had lost my money, and then you—"

"I remained released."

"Yes, it is true."

"And am free, have been, to do as I liked."

"Yes, true."

"And what earthly right has a man to try both roles with a woman—that of discarded and accepted? You chose the first, and I never gave you the last."

"I liked."

"Yes, true."

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## FAIRFIELD COUNTY NEWS.

Discovered Tree of Honey.

A tree of honey has been discovered on the property of the tuberculosis sanitarium in Coram and crops have been taken to secure for the state. The honey was discovered by some men who were trespassing on the property. The legal question of the right of the men to the honey because they discovered it and marked the tree has yet to be settled.

Killed by Lightning.

Harry R. Jackson of Winsted had two fine heifers of three years of age killed by lightning in the pasture during the storm last Wednesday night.

Gypsy Took Watch.

Paul Ryder of West Norwalk was visited by a gypsy Monday afternoon and she wanted to tell his fortune. He held out his hand and she took it and then asked him for a handkerchief.

When he gave her the handkerchief she threw it over his face for a moment. Just then Mrs. Ryder entered the room and Mrs. Gypsy suddenly disappeared and Paul found that a lady's plain gold watch which he was carrying had disappeared, together with a leather linked chain.

Auto Accidents.

Dr. R. M. Wolfe's Puma automobile was destroyed by fire at Norwalk Wednesday afternoon, when it took fire as the doctor turned the engine over after making some minor adjustments of loose connections. The car was worth \$2,250 when new and was insured. Dr. Wolfe lost another automobile by fire some time ago.

A jitney bus, owned by Thomas Harrington of Norwalk and operated by Samuel Shockley, was hit by a large touring car owned by B. F. DeKlyn of Roton Point. The DeKlyn was wrecked and two of his three passengers, Miss Mary E. Fitch of Norwalk, and Mrs. Josephine Kaptons of Darien, were seriously hurt. Mrs. Edw. G. Wilkinson of Norwalk, the other fare, escaped with slight injuries, as did the operator, Miss Fitch's car was fractured, some of her ribs are broken, and she is cut and bruised. Mrs. Kaptons is hurt internally, and is badly cut and bruised. George Godfrey, Mr. DeKlyn's chauffeur, was the only occupant of the DeKlyn vehicle. Two automobiles were directly ahead of him. The automobile in the middle turned to pass the leading vehicle, and got by in safety. Godfrey followed, but the hub of one of the wheels of the DeKlyn car hit the Ford and sent it spinning toward the gutter.

Struck by an automobile driven by Samuel Osborn, of Redding, Friday afternoon, while greasing a curve in the track, Patrick McCarthy, an employee of the Danbury & Bethel Street Railway Co., was knocked to the ground and badly bruised but luckily escaped broken bones. Mr. Osborn was not going fast at the time and this undoubtedly accounts for the fact that McCarthy was not injured seriously.

LITCHFIELD COUNTY NEWS.

Rodemeyer a Traitor?

Edward E. Riggs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co., shows his interest in the matter of the bald head club, by penning the following to John Rodemeyer, publicity commissioner of the club: "The bald head club of America, because of John's recent attempt to resign as an official of the club: 'What in the world is to become of the rest of your bald-headed associates if you fail to work and turn apostate like that? Do you care to disintegrate the club? Do you care to go down in history as the bald-headed Benedict Arnold? Do not you quickly shake your head or there will be trouble in the bald-headed family.'"

Clothes Caught Fire.

Mrs. Charles Norman of Thomaston was painfully burned about the head and body Sunday. Mrs. Norman was filling her oil stove or had just filled it and was lighting it when her clothes caught fire. Her cries brought her daughter and husband, who were asleep in the house, and on their arrival the entire front of her dress was ablaze.

Bankrupt in Torrington.

George Buhmann of Torrington, a printer, has filed a petition in bankruptcy and made oath that he did not conceal any property from his creditors. His liabilities are listed at \$3,530.80. \$342.70 stands as unsecured and \$1,734 stands as accommodation in the way of eight notes executed by Buhmann to Redding and Mayfield. Assets consist of stock in trade, valued at \$7,500; debts due on open account, \$250.46.

Arrest of Chinaman.

Chun Gim Tun, 18 years old, of Torrington, was arrested last week at the laundry where he works in that town by Deputy United States Marshal Hawley on a warrant charging him with being unlawfully in this country. The warrant was issued on an affidavit sworn out by John A. McCabe, United States Chinese inspector. The Chinaman was brought before Commissioner Carroll and pleaded not guilty, alleging that his birthplace was San Francisco. In default of \$1,500 bonds he was taken to jail. He will have a hearing on September 8. He must show a birth certificate or a certificate from the collector of internal revenue to prove that he is lawfully in the United States.

N. Y. Wholesale Prices.

Butter—Creamery, 26 1-2c.; dairy, 25c.; good to prime, 23 1-2c. to 25 1-2c.

Eggs—Fresh gathered, extras, per dozen, 27 to 28 1-2c.; hennessy whites, fine to fancy, 32 to 35c.; ordinary to good, 27 to 31c.; gathered whites, as to size and quality, 26 to 32c.; hennessy browns, 29 to 31c.; gathered brown and mixed colors, 24 to 26c.

Fruits—Apples, Alexander, bbl., \$1.50 to \$1.75; Transparent, \$2 to \$2.25; Winesap, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Redman, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Bough, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Maiden Blush, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Culvert, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Codling, \$1.25 to \$1.75; Duchess, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Gravenstein, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Twenty Queen, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Northwestern, Greening, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Greening, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Baldwin, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Fall Pippin, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Orange Appin, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Pears, Bartlett, bbl., \$3 to \$4; Clapp, \$2 to \$3; bbl., \$2 to \$3; Blackberries, quart, 5 to 9c.; Raspberries, pint, 3 to 7c.; Huckleberries, quart, 4 to 10c.

Vegetables—Potatoes, bbl., \$1.25 to \$1.50; Onions, yellow, bbl., \$1.25 to \$1.50; red, \$1.25 to \$1.50; small, white, best, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Doets, 100 bunches, 75c. to \$1; tops off, bbl., \$1 to \$1.25. Carrots, new, bbl., \$1 to \$1.25. Corn, 100 50c. to \$1.50. Cauliflowers, doz., \$1 to \$1.25. Cucumbers, basket, 50c. to \$1. Celery, bunch, 10 to 35c. Cabbages, 2 to \$3. Lima Beans, basket, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Mushrooms, bkt., \$1 to \$2.50. Peppers, bullseye, green, bbl., 75c. to

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We want the name of every person everywhere who is suffering with rheumatism, so we can send him a free sample bottle of Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. We don't care how long or how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with it. It works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease.

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"Mr. E. M. Ehlers, Secty. Grand Lodge of Mason of New York City writes that, 'Although a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured me.'"

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Special Examinations  
WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,  
Sept. 1 AND 2.  
Sciences, Photography, Typewriting, 8:30 a. m., Wednesday, Sept. 1.  
English, History, Bookkeeping, 2:30 p. m., Wednesday, Sept. 1.  
Latin, French, German, Spanish, 8:30 a. m., Thursday, Sept. 2.  
Mathematics, 2:30 p. m., Thursday, Sept. 2.

Entrance Examinations  
For the Bridgeport High School will be held at the High School building. Pupils must bring a statement from tutor with whom they studied during the summer.

Spelling, 8:30 a. m., Thursday, Sept. 2.  
History, 9 a. m., Thursday, Sept. 2.  
English Grammar, 1:30 p. m., Thursday, Sept. 2.

Arithmetic, 8:30 a. m., Friday, Sept. 3.  
Geometry, 1:30 p. m., Friday, Sept. 3.  
Entrance examinations for the City Normal School will be held at the City Normal School, Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1913, at 9 a. m.

SAMUEL J. SLAWSON,  
Supt. of Schools.

\$1.25; red, \$1.25 to \$1.75. Squash, Hubbard, bbl., 75c. to \$1; Marrow, 50c. to 75c.; white, 50c. to 75c.; crooked neck, 50c. to 75c. Turnips, white, bbl., 75c. to \$1. Rutabaga, bbl., 40c. to 50c. Tomatoes, standard, box,